THE DAYSPRING.

"THE DAYSPRING FROM ON HIGH HATH VISITED US."

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GATHERING POND LILIES.

ONE pleasant Saturday afternoon in July a party of boys and girls were wondering what they could do to amuse themselves. After several things had been named, one of the girls suggested that they could go to Smart's Pond and gather pond-lilies. To this all agreed. They went to the pond, and soon were in a boat picking lilies, just as you see in the picture. In a short time enough were gathered to fill a good-sized basket. The question then arose, what they should do with them. "Let us give them to Miss Burge," said one; "she is to furnish flowers for the church to-morrow." "Agreed," said all. So the lilies were taken to Miss Burge, who the next morning arranged them in a beautiful pyramid on the Communion table. They were admired by the whole congregation, and the next morning sent to the Flower Mission to be distributed in the hospitals.

For The Dayspring.

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

BY MARY A. PARSONS.

IT was the queerest little party of workmen! or rather there were two parties, each divided by two again into bands, each band having a commander of its own.

How many does that make, little folks?

Just four captains, you see.

And each captain had four men under him, though judging by size you might say he had at least three of the four above him, for all but the fourth were taller than himself, and all the bands were alike in this particular.

But then he was stouter than his men, and was a very active little fellow, I assure you.

When I tell you the tallest of these workmen were scarcely three inches in height, you will exclaim, —

"Why, they are fairies, of course!"

You will laugh when you learn what they were doing; they were making mud-pies!

At any rate that is what it looked like, for the Giant put on his spectacles to see.

They were gathering in heaps that very dry, light soil which starts up in clouds when, on a summer's day, the carriages go rattling along the country by-ways. The wind catches it up, too, as if for a dance, and whirls it away. When it settles down again, watch it, and see if it does not seem eager to go flying again.

Don't you believe it thinks itself much wiser than the heavier stay-at-home gravel lying beneath it?

What can it tell of its travels, as it settles back after the breeze has died away?

Something like this: Oh, the world is very wide! It stretches beyond the stone fences lying on each side of us. There is more green grass, and there are trees, and a great sheet of water, bigger, a thousand times, than the puddle we have when the snow thaws in the spring.

But here come the children, and I hope they will take us to the water, for it is a hot day.

The fairies had an oyster-shell and a chip to collect the dust with, and the captains, instead of merely standing by and giving orders, worked hardest of any; not a speck of this fine dust-flour went into the baking but these sturdy little fellows bore their full share of the burden.

The oyster-shell was to serve for mixing-pan, while a double row of acorn-cups stood ready to be filled, in a valley made by the last carriage that had gone through the soft gravel.

The men of Division Number Two had brought the water in a rusty old spoutless coffee-pot. Now you know there is a strainer full of holes where the spout joins the pot; and you also know water is so very humble it will not keep a high seat as long as a chance remains to get a lower one. Perhaps you will say it is too weak to stand alone, and must be propped up or shut in, or it will just fall till it cannot fall any farther.

Seeing the water pouring out through the strainer, the fairies said, —

"We 've got to make haste." Or they seemed to say it, for the Giant's ear drums were too big and coarse to catch the delicate sound-waves made by the voices of the little people.

But they did hurry! You should have seen how they flew, faster and faster, till at last they tumbled one over the other; the chip dashing the dust into the oyster-shell with so much force as to overset it; then up again, and at it again! while the wind, taking advantage of so much motion, lent its aid, and the air was full of dust.

Soon Left Short Man of Number Two Division was scratched by Right Long Man of Number One Division, who, in his turn, was spitefully scratched at by captain and First Man of Number One.

It was too bad, but as soon as the pan was filled, over it went again; and this time both parties became so angry they began to fight, rushing at one another and striking with a sharp smacking sound.

All this time the water was drizzling away into a choice heap of dust, laboriously piled up for future use.

"It 's all your fault," cried the captains of Number One to those of Number Two.

"You 're so awkward, and you can't take so firm a grip as we can; let us mix, while you keep the water from running all away."

"We shall do no such thing! we shall mix, too!" cried the others, in a rage, rushing to capture the oyster-shell in order to fill it with dust.

The others, seeing this attempt, in their hurry mistook their neighbors' intention.

Believing it was to be seized and carried off by Number Two, Number One sprang for it, missed it, overset the water-pot, and had just time to get out of the way when a great dreadful cart came lumbering along, crushing the cherished coffee-pot into a shapeless mass of rusty tin, and breaking in pieces the oyster-shell and all the acorn-cup pie-plates!

The fairies hid themselves in utter shame and confusion, for they were the servants of two small girls, and mamma was saying, —

"Where did you get such dirty fingers? What have you been doing?"

The Giant, still with spectacles on, thought the fairies plucked up a little courage at finding the blame laid on somebody else, and just afterward the bands of Numbers One and Two embraced each other, while they declared, —

"It 's what they told us the other day: 'Haste makes waste.' Next time when they tell us to hurry we 'll make haste slowly."

But when they took a bath they sighed, thinking of the dear old coffee-pot gone forever. They would have to put up with a leaky dipper that had no handle; it was not half so convenient, nor did it hold so much water, if one only made haste slowly so as to save it from running out through the strainer.

But the fairies learned something.

GARMENTS that have one rent in them are subject to be torn on every nail; and glasses that are once cracked are soon broken. Such is a man's good name, once tainted with just reproach.

A LITTLE colored girl, six years old, wanted to help build a church in Augusta, Ga. So she picked up a basket of bones and sold them for five cents, giving the money into the treasury, "For," she said, "that church must be built." Would we had more devotion like this everywhere!

For The Dayspring.

TALKS ABOUT INSECTS.

BY WALTER N. EVANS.

IV.

IF you are not already tired of my talks about these, to me, very interesting little creatures, I should like, before closing, to tell you something of the *uses* of insects; and then to give you a short account of the very remarkable habits of some of them.

And first we must remember that insects are the *great scavengers of nature;* removing large quantities of filth and offal, of dead bodies of animals, of dead trees and decaying vegetable matter, both on the land and in the water. In some cases these things are eaten, in others they are buried; but whatever may be the method employed, we owe to insects a great debt for their interminable labors in this direction. Without them, nuisances would become intolerable, and life itself would be endangered. It is perfectly marvellous to see how quickly the carcass of an animal is removed by these indefatigable workers. The skin is soon pierced by the "histers," which thus prepare the way for the flesh-flies. These come in immense numbers. Some deposit their young already hatched; others lay millions of eggs, which in a remarkably short time produce their greedy progeny. They eat with such voracity that it is said some of them will increase their weight two hundred-fold. A celebrated naturalist has said of a fly known as the "vonitoria" that "three of them would devour a horse as quickly as would a lion," meaning, of course, the flies and their descendants. When the flies have done their work, the beetles, wasps, and hornets come in for their share of the carcass; and they are followed by hosts of ants, which pick the skeleton clean; and thus nothing is left to do harm to animal life.

Then certain insects do a very useful work in destroying other insects that if left to live would become so numerous as to be a source of great annoyance, if not of danger. Thus the ichneumon, whose method of working has already been described, keeps within due bounds many of the most destructive of our insect pests. Insects also furnish food to some animals and reptiles, as well as to many of our most esteemed birds and fishes.

In many countries insects form an article of food for man; and in days gone by they furnished too a large number of medicines to too credulous sufferers; but to-day perhaps the only insect employed in medicine is the cantharides, or Spanish fly, used in making blisters, which for this purpose is in large demand, and commands a high price.

To the arts, insects make some very valuable contributions. Dyes of various kinds are derived from them, as cochineal and carmine. A small insect, known as the "coccus ficus," a native of the East Indies, pierces the branches of certain trees, and thus causes them to exude a peculiar resinous substance, which is the lac of commerce, so largely used in the manufacture of varnish. Another family, the gall-flies, by piercing certain plants for the purpose of laying their eggs, inject an irritating liquid which causes the plant to form a sort of excrescence, in which the young insect grows. These "galls," or "gall-nuts," are collected, and are extensively used in dyeing; and an acid is obtained from them which is employed in photography. Need I remind you of wax, an insect production of very great use; and of honey, that has been used by man from the earliest time, and does not seem to have lost any of its attractiveness to-day?

But of all insect products, the one most important to commerce is undoubtedly silk. Palace and cottage alike owe a debt of gratitude to the little silk-worm; and so universal is the use of this article, that very few of my readers would fail to find, in the clothes they are wearing at this moment, some trace at least of the activity of this little benefactor.

There is one very important use of insects of which you will learn more fully when you study Botany. This is in the "fertilization of plants,"—by carrying the pollen from one part of the flower to another, where it finds the proper surroundings to enable it to grow and to produce seed.

And now there is only space left to refer to the habits of one or two kinds of insects, which I hope will be interesting to you, and at the same time suggest how pleasant a field this subject opens to your observation.

The wars that are carried on by certain kinds of ants are very remarkable; and an account of them reads almost like a fairy tale. One curious fact is that some ants make raids into their enemy's country for the sole purpose of carrying off prisoners; of which they make slaves, compelling them to do all kinds of work for them. And it is very singular that "these slave-makers are generally of a ruddy race, while their slaves are black." It is not the adults that are carried off, but the infants (larvæ and pupæ), which, when they come to maturity, are thoroughly trained to the work they have to perform.

Do you know the queer little green insect that is found on so many plants, called the aphis, or plant-louse? It is found in great abundance upon rose-trees. It is a wonderful little creature, and so exceedingly prolific, that, as has been proved by Réaumes, two individuals, in five generations, may become the progenitors of six thousand millions of descendants! I want to tell you something extraordinary about them and their friends, the ants; and lest I should be thought to be romancing, you shall have the whole account from Dr. Harris's invaluable book, to which reference has already been made:—

"Plant-lice seem to love society, and often herd together in dense masses, each one remaining fixed to the plants by means of its long tubular beak; and they rarely change their places till they have exhausted the part first attacked. . . . As they take in great quantities of sap, they would soon become gorged if they did not get rid of the superabundant fluid through the two little tubes or pores at the extremity of their bodies. . . . The leaves and bark of plants much infested by these insects are often completely sprinkled over with drops of this sticky fluid, which, on drying, become dark colored, and greatly disfigure the foliage. . . . We are often apprised of the presence of plant-lice on plants growing in the open air by the ants ascending and descending the stems. By observing the motions of the latter, we soon ascertain that the sweet fluid discharged by the lice is the occasion of these visits. The stems swarm with slim and hungry ants running upwards, and others lazily descending, swelled almost to bursting. When arrived in the immediate vicinity of the plant-lice, they greedily wipe up the sweet fluid which has distilled from them, and when this fails, they station themselves among the lice, and catch the drops as they fall.

"The lice do not seem in the least annoyed by the ants, but live on the best possible terms with them; and on the other hand, the ants, though unsparing of other insects weaker than themselves, upon which they frequently prey, treat the plant-lice with the utmost gentleness, caressing them with their antennæ, and apparently inviting them to give out the fluid by patting their sides."

And in speaking of some lice that live at the roots of plants, Dr. Harris says, "These little lice are attended by ants, which generally make their nests near the roots of the plants, so as to have their *milch-kine*, as the plant-lice have been called, within their own habitations.

"The ants bestow the same care and attention upon the root-lice as upon their own offspring. They defend them from the attacks of other insects, and carry them about in their mouths to change their pasture; they pay particular attention to the eggs of the lice, frequently moistening them with their tongues, and, in fine weather, bringing them to the surface of the nest to give them the advantage of the sun. On the other hand, the sweet fluid supplied in abundance by these lice forms the chief nutriment both of the ants and their young, which is sufficient to account for their solicitude and care for their valuable herds."

I should love to wander with you longer in this almost fairy-land of insect life, but other duties call me, and I must away. If the veil has been lifted, though ever so little, and you have had a glance into the wonderful world, remember it is one of the "many mansions" of the Father's house, and you are invited to walk in, and trace His glories there. Farewell.

A SWEET temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

NELLIE and Willie are two children who live with their father and mother in a neat cottage. They play together on the lawn and in the garden, and are very happy. They have a dog by the name of Carlo, who loves their company and joins in their sports. What a good-natured looking dog he is! Just now these three friends are hiding among some shrubs and flowers, so that the little Morley children whom they saw coming down the street to play with them may have hard work to find them. Nellie sees them hunting about, but they cannot see her. Carlo would like to bark, but he knows that would spoil the fun. Willie looks sober, as though nothing was going on. We wonder how long it will be before they are found.

For The Dayspring.

BOYS, BE THOUGHTFUL!

NEVER start off on a walk or a journey without telling some one of the family your purpose. Never be away from the dinner or the supper at home without giving notice of your intention or liability. Above all, never be away at night time, when some one at home is sitting up or keeping awake to let you in.

Do not presume that your parents are strong enough to bear the anxiety your absence occasions. It requires more strength of body, mind, and soul than most people possess to be calm and reconciled under such a trial.

Dangers seen and unseen are about us all the time, and your parents cannot help imagining all sort of evil happenings to you. Be thoughtful, therefore, and prevent such trials, which impair the health and shorten the lives of those who love you the most, and whom you depend upon more than all others.

W. G. B.

For The Dayspring.

ENTOMOLOGICAL ALPHABET.

V.

But now, as the wheels of our rhyme descend
And bring us near to our journey's end,
Round the foot of our alphabetical hill
Some tough stones and stumps we encounter still.
Yet it 's cheering to have the goal in view,
And with patience and pluck we may still get through.
A somewhat troublesome letter is V,
Though probably not so bad as Z.
Vespa (or Wasp) would have done — but, you know,
We sang of the *Hornet* a long time ago.
And the Hornet ('t is very well known to boys)
Is a Wasp with a somewhat louder noise.
(The very word Wasp seems to buzz and sting,
While Hornet carries a trumpet's ring.)
I must leave, then, the Vespa (nothing loath),
And take instead the *Vaporer-Moth*.
I fancy, children, to most of you
This singular name is wholly new.
It was to me, till I came to look
At the letter V in an Insect-book.
The Vaporer-Moth the books describe
As the blustering beau of the insect tribe.
In London streets he is seen by day,
Cruising about in a careless way ;
But not on pleasure alone is he bent,
He has a more serious intent.
He is really seeking a partner for life :
A sort of "Cœlebs in search of a wife."
"There 's a good deal of human natur'," 't is true,
"In man," but a good deal in insects, too.
Another lesson our story may leave,
And that is: appearances sometimes deceive.
This (apparently) idle dandy is not
By any mere outside beauty caught.
He chooses a homely little wife,
A quiet, industrious helpmeet for life.
So you cannot charge with show or sloth
Mr. or Mrs. Vaporer-Moth.

C. T. B.

For The Dayspring.

NEW AMSTERDAM PEOPLE.

CONCLUDED.

BY REV. ALBERT WALKLEY.

THE good people asked us to dine with them, which we were glad to do. We had heard that these Hollanders were good livers, and report had not misrepresented them. The indigestible doughnut was there, cakes were in abundance, and other things more substantial. But that which attracted our attention was the way the tea was served. No milk was used, nor was any sugar put into the cup. But by the side of each cup a piece of sugar was placed. Of course we thought that we were to put this piece into our cup of tea, so in it went. But the more cautious of our company waited to see what the members of the family did. These ate the sugar, little by little, and thus sweetened the tea as they drank it. They would eat a little piece of sugar and then take some of the tea. What is next? we mentally asked ourselves. And how some of us wished we had been more cautious and waited to see what was to be done with these pieces of sugar. We will wait next time.

When our host heard we had been in Salem and Boston he asked us a great many questions, and criticised very severely our Puritan friends. He said the Puritans were too religious, or not religious enough. "They have no Easter, but we have, and it is a time of rejoicing. On that day our young people color the eggs, — long may the custom live!" We said, Amen. Then he went on to tell us how Christmas was the high day for all, young and old; how Santa Claus and St. Nicholas came to every house and left something to rejoice the household in the morning. "Now," said he, "I hope no religion will ever do away with the Santa Claus of the children." And again we all said, Amen. We were more in harmony religiously with our Hollander than with the Puritan. "Look at our New Year's Day. What is better? We call on our friends and neighbors that day." Our host grew eloquent here. We cannot therefore give his words ; we can only say, we were in sympathy with him. When we gathered our mind's faculties about us, we thanked God to find sentiment such a prominent feature in the lives of these early settlers. The union of this with the Puritan's steady aim at duty could not fail to give us a good stock.

We did not find these people so regular in their attendance on church, but they were not wholly without regard for their Bibles.

Their mantel-pieces were decorated with Bible-pictures. Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage ; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale. Our attention was called to these pictures by our host when we spoke of the religious character of the Puritans. He spoke as if these pictures were a guarantee for the religious character of New Amsterdam.

Then we were told that even their ships had biblical names. One was "Queen Esther," another "King Solomon," and, as if this were not enough, there was one with the name "The Angel Gabriel."

After our short visit to New Amsterdam we came back to the year 1882. And we felt that there was much truth in the lines, —

"Still wert thou lovely, whatsoe'er thy name,
New Amsterdam, New Orange, or New York,
Whether in cradle sleep, or sea-weed laid,
Or on thine island throne, in queenly power arrayed."

THAT may be right which is not pleasant, and that pleasant which is not right.

For The Dayspring.

CHERRIES.

Ho, cherries are ripe! Come, birds one and all;
Cherries are ripe! hear the orioles call;
Enough and to spare, 't is a feast for a king;
Come and be welcome, whoever you bring.

They 've tied up red flannel, but who cares for that?
And stuck up a pole with a ragged old hat;
But scarecrows are harmless, we 've seen them before;
And we will not run, if they put up a score.

High up on the tree they have hung an old bell;
But that does not scare us, we like it too well.
How sweetly it goes, with a ting-a-ling-ling!
So while we are feasting the farmer may ring.

The woodpecker 's beating his old wooden drum,
And bids you all welcome if you will but come.
So call all the neighbors from far and from near.
For cherries don't ripen but once in a year.

The farmer comes out with his old rusty gun,
Thinking to scare us; but is n't it fun?
For guns without shot never make any noise;
So we do not fear them as much as the boys.

The scarecrows may stand, and the bells they may ring;
While we eat the fruit that is fit for a king.
Nothing shall scare us in this nice retreat
For here there are nice, ripe cherries to eat.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass., July.

THE LITTLE ENCHANTER;

OR, WOLFGANG MOZART.

(From the French.)

ON a beautiful morning in the month of April, 1762, two children, a little girl of eight years and a boy of six, were coming down a little hill on the edge of a wood, clasping hands and walking slowly with grave faces and thoughtful eyes. They were poorly dressed, yet the lovely blond hair, brushed so neatly, showed the care of a tender mother. They had each a large piece of bread, — from time to time they looked at, without touching it. As they reached the bottom of the hill, they seated themselves at the foot of a tree, and the little boy said to his sister, "Did you see how mamma looked when she gave us our dinner? And her sigh seemed to say, 'Nothing but bread.'"

"Yes, brother;" she cried. "I saw her face and the look which seemed to say, 'There is nothing else in the house, and you must be satisfied with that.' But why dost thou cry, Wolfgang?" said Frederika, with tears in her eyes.

"I cry," replied Wolfgang, "because thou art crying, and because we have nothing but bread for our dinner."

The little girl drew her brother to her and smoothed his hair tenderly. "I will give thee a kiss and tell thee of what I have been thinking this morning. I wish very much to find a way to help our parents."

"Oh, go on, sister; what can we do?"

"It is that I wish to know. What, indeed, can we do?"

"If we pray to God, my sister, perhaps he will give us help," said Wolfgang.

"Thou art right, my brother, let us pray. Let us kneel under this tree. The sky bends to its foliage, so God must hear us."

"Oh, He will hear us. Mamma says He always listens to children who pray for their parents." And Wolfgang knelt beside his sister.

"My sister, shall we pray to Our Lady of Lorette or to the great Saint Jean Nepomucène?"

"First to the great saint."

Then the little girl prayed aloud to the saint of Bohemia, the little boy repeating after her, both so absorbed in their prayer that they did not perceive a man of noble aspect a short distance from the tree where they knelt. This was her prayer: "Dear Saint Jean Nepomucène, give to us the means of helping our parents." Then she rose, saying to her brother, "Our prayer is made."

"I do not know, my sister," said he, rising in his turn, "whether it is the saint or the good God, but the thought of the means comes to me now. Thou knowest that I have musical talent, and can compose music also. And thou too, Frederika, dost very well on the piano — and then we are both quite pretty, especially thyself. We will start forth, hand in hand, on some beautiful morning, and go far, far away. We shall find on our way a grand palace; we will enter. Thou must begin to sing, Frederika. The people will cry, 'The beautiful children!' They will bid us welcome and offer us rest. But we will go at once to the piano —"

"If there is one," said the little girl.

"As if there would not be one! I will play, I will play, I will enchant the world! The king will seek us and speak to us. He will ask us what we will have. I will say to him, 'This is what I want, my king. Give me a palace for my papa and mamma.'"

Here they heard a shout of laughter. Wolfgang, startled, turned suddenly, and saw the stranger, who, hidden by the tree, had not lost a word of the two children. He now came forward, saying quite gravely, "Be not afraid, children, the great saint has sent me to you."

The children looked at each other, and, not doubting his words, cried out, "Oh! indeed, you have come to do as we knew you would."

"No, no, not so fast," said the stranger, seating himself by them. "First tell me the truth about yourselves, and then I will grant your wishes. Who is thy father?"

"Leopold Mozart."

"What does he do?"

"He is chapel-master. He plays the violin and piano, but best the violin."

"And is he very poor then?"

"Oh yes, very poor, sir," showing the bread. "It is all there was in the house. Mamma said, 'Go eat in the fields, my dear children,' so we might not see that she had no dinner."

"Poor children," said the stranger, much moved. "Where do your parents live?"

"In the little house the roof of which you can see," replied Wolfgang.

"And is it true, my children, that, as Wolfgang says, you can play well on the piano?"

"My brother is a good musician and composes pretty pieces, so papa says."

"How old is your brother?"

"Six years, sir, and eight months."

"And this child composes indeed!" cried the pretended messenger from the saint.

"I will astonish thee," said Wolfgang, laughing. "Come with us, sir, and you will see."

The stranger looked kindly upon them and said, "Not now, but I will see you again soon. Adieu;" and he vanished behind the trees so quickly, the children gazed in surprise for some moments. Then they hastened home to tell their parents what had happened to them; and while the latter, astonished, were still listening to their story and asking them questions, a man knocked loudly at the door, and said he had come to bring them a dinner from the children's friend. "The person will appear," he added, "when Master Mozart composes one of his grand pieces."

"Did I not tell you so?" cried Wolfgang. "I knew he would come!"

After dinner the little Mozart ran to the piano. "I will compose a sonata," he said. "Oh! I will play grandly."

He played with great strength, and made the piano utter such tender tones that tears ran from his father's eyes. "Come and embrace me, Wolfgang," he cried with joy, "by the will of God you will one day become a great composer and a great man. But who will help thee in the world, poor ignorant child, who will aid thee?"

"Myself," cried an unknown voice, that of the stranger.

Wolfgang ran to him and took his hand. "Here is the friend of the great saint!"

The master of the chapel, bending his knee, said, "Behold His Majesty, the Emperor."

A few days later the father and son went to the court of the Queen, Maria Theresa, invited by her noble husband, Francis II. At evening Wolfgang was led by his father to the imperial palace. There was no one in the beautiful room into which they were ushered, but he saw at once that it held a grand piano. Seating himself, he was lost in its sweet tones, when a child's voice said, "You do play indeed. Are you the little Mozart whom people have been talking about?" It was a little girl of seven years who spoke. She was very beautiful and richly dressed.

"You are charming," replied the boy.

"They always say that to me, but that is of no account. Are you really Wolfgang Mozart?"

"Yes, miss."

"And who taught you to play on the piano so well?"

"My father."

"Did it never weary you to study so much?"

"Yes, sometimes, but I prayed to the great Saint Nepomucène to give me courage."

"Who is he?"

"The saint of Bohemia."

While the children spoke, there was a rustling of silks, and, turning, Wolfgang saw the room suddenly filled with people. He became red and confused. "Do you not know me?" said a gentleman, coming towards him. "You are the Emperor," said Wolfgang. "And here is the Empress Maria Theresa," said the Emperor, and led Wolfgang to a lady who welcomed him kindly.

Then he ran again to the piano, and soon the grand audience cried out with admiration at his wonderful playing. The Empress beckoned him to her. In leaving the stool he stumbled, fell, and uttered a cry. "Art thou hurt?" said a sweet voice.

Wolfgang replied näively, "You are more beautiful then you were an hour ago. Will you marry me?"

The little girl laughed and said, "It cannot be."

"Why, we are of the same age."

"Thou art a poor little artist."

"But I will become great."

"And I am Marie Antoinette."

"I will marry you all the same, it makes no difference," said Mozart, to the amusement of all present. The same day Mozart was crowned as a great composer by the people of Vienna. This little girl became Queen of France and wife of Louis XVI., and was finally sentenced to death by the French people.

After eight years of study, Mozart went to the court of Versailles. In 1768 he returned to Vienna as a composer, and in 1776 went to Paris the second time. He became, as his father had foretold, a great and famous master in music. Born the 20th of January, 1756, he died the 7th of December, 1791, aged thirty-six years.

It was Titus, a pagan emperor, who, after spending a day in company without doing good, said, "My friends, I have lost a day."

I know a little girl who heard some Irish workmen beginning to fight. She flew to her organ and began singing an Irish song, and the men stopped and joined in the song. It was not hard work, but it stopped a fight. Can't you sometimes sing a quarrel away?

ELEPHANTS.

WE suppose most of our readers have seen an elephant, but we do not believe many of them are aware how much an elephant knows, and what wonderful things he can do. In the picture, you see one sweeping with a birch broom which he holds in his trunk. If you were to give him an apple, he would take it with his trunk and put it into his mouth as readily as you can put a sugar-plum into yours.

A famous elephant called Jack was once travelling with his keeper in England, when they came to a toll-gate. The keeper offered the right toll, but the toll-gatherer wanted more, and so kept the gate shut. The keeper then went through the little foot-gate, saying as he went, "Come on, Jack." On hearing this, Jack put his trunk around one of the rails of the gate which the toll-gatherer would not open, lifted it from its hinges, and dashed it on the ground. He and the keeper then passed on, leaving the toll-gatherer to whistle for his pay.

An elephant who was passing a tailor's shop put his trunk in at the window, and the tailor pricked it with a needle. Some weeks after the elephant went that way again, and, as he passed the shop, he stopped and drew up a quantity of dirty water from a puddle into his trunk and spirted it all over the tailor, who was sitting cross-legged on his bench at work.

Some troops with cannon once had to cross the sandy bed of a river. It happened that one of the men seated on a wagon fell, and the hind wheels were near passing over him. A tame elephant was walking behind and saw the danger the man was in. He lifted the wheel with his trunk, and it passed over the man without hurting him.

Elephants when kindly treated become attached to their keepers, and will obey them as readily as good children obey their parents. One day a new keeper was set over an elephant who had been accustomed to good treatment. This new keeper, instead of treating the elephant kindly, kept thrusting his goad at him and hurting him. The elephant bore it patiently for a while, but at last, seizing his tormentor, he ran with him to the river near by and ducked him several times in the water. After this the man treated the elephant well, and the elephant forgave him and soon became attached to him.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS. — A little girl six years old wrote out for herself these rules: —

"The minute I wake up in the morning I will think of God.
"I will mind my father and mother always.
"I will try and have my lessons perfect.
"I will try to be kind, and not get cross.
"I want to behave like God's child."

A LOAD of coal was thrown down before the door of a cellar in which a poor family lived. A little girl went out with quite a small shovel, and began to shovel it up. "My little child," said a gentleman who was passing by, "you can't get all that coal in with your small shovel." "Oh, yes, I can, sir," said the little girl, "if I only work long enough."

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